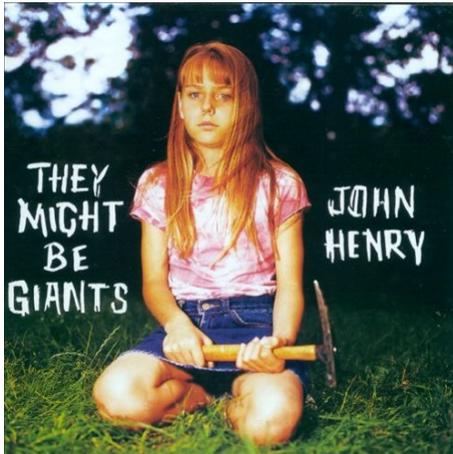


A Self Called Nowhere



Songwriters

LINNELL, JOHN / FLANSBURGH, JOHN

I'm sittin' on the curb
Of the empty parkin' lot
Of the store where they let me play the organ
I'm waitin' for my ride
But I want to wait inside
Of the store where they let me play the organ

But I'm thinkin' of a wooden chair
In a room at the top of the stair
And I'm lookin' down the stairwell

At the vanishin' dot, on the map of the spot
Let me take you there
The dotted line, surroundin' the mind
Of a self called 'nowhere'
It's a thing named 'It', in a bottomless pit
You can't see it there
The sunken head, that lies in the bed
Of a self called 'nowhere'

Standin' in my yard
Where they tore down the garage
To make room for the torn down garage
I'm lookin' for my car
But I must have sold my car
When I needed to buy an electric organ

But I'm thinkin' of a wooden chair
In a room at the top of the stair
And I'm lookin' down the stairwell

At the vanishin' dot, on the map of the spot
Let me take you there
The dotted line, surroundin' the mind
Of a self called 'nowhere'
It's a thing named 'It', in a bottomless pit
You can't see it there
The sunken head, that lies in the bed
Of a self called 'nowhere'

Nowhere

Paranoid Android

Written by Thom Yorke, Jonny Greenwood, Ed O'Brien, Colin Greenwood, and Phil Selway

Please could you stop the noise,
I'm trying to get some rest
From all the unborn chicken voices in
my head
What's that?
What's that?

When I am king, you will be first
against the wall
With your opinion which is of no
consequence at all
What's that?
What's that?

Ambition makes you look pretty ugly
Kicking and squealing Gucci little
piggy
You don't remember
You don't remember
Why don't you remember my name?
Off with his head, man
Off with his head, man
Why don't you remember my name?
I guess he does

Rain down, rain down
Come on rain down on me
From a great height
From a great height, height
Rain down, rain down
Come on rain down on me
From a great height
From a great height, height,
Rain down, rain down
Come on rain down on me

That's it, sir
You're leaving
The crackle of pigskin
The dust and the screaming
The yuppies networking
The panic, the vomit
The panic, the vomit
God loves his children,
God loves his children, yeah!

MacArthur Park

Written by Jimmy Webb in 1968

Performed by Donna Summer

Spring was never waiting for us dear
It ran one step ahead
As we followed in the dance

MacArthur's Park is melting in the dark
All the sweet, green icing flowing down
Someone left the cake out in the rain
I don't think that I can take it
'cause it took so long to bake it
And I'll never have that recipe again
Oh, nooooo

I recall the yellow cotton dress
Foaming like a wave
On the ground beneath your knees
The birds like tender babies in your hands
And the old men playing chinese checkers by the trees

MacArthur's Park is melting in the dark
All the sweet green icing flowing down
Someone left the cake out in the rain
I don't think that I can take it
'Cause it took so long to bake it
And I'll never have that recipe again
Oh, nooooo

[Instrumental Interlude]

MacArthur's Park is melting in the dark
All the sweet green icing flowing down
Someone left my cake out in the rain
I don't think that I can take it
'Cause it took so long to make it
And I'll never have that recipe again
Oh, nooooo